

#### Hot Tea and Frozen Cream Very Constipating

THERE is little inclination for solid food on a hot day. Cold drinks and ices, salads and pastry form much of the diet, especially among women. This lack of wholesome variety, however, interferes with proper digestion.

The result is biliousness, listlesmess, dizzy spells. The cause is constipation. The stomach could not digest nor the bowels pass off the day's strange mixture of food and drink.

A simple way of overcoming the trouble is this: If you have not already got Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin in the house, go to a drug store and buy a 50c or \$1 bottle. Take a teaspoonful tunight before you go to bed. It will act in the morning, and immediately thereafter your

head will be clear and that feeling of oppression will be gone.

Syrup Pepsin is a combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin. It acts on the stomach-muscles training them to do their work naturally so that medicines can be dispensed with. It is the most widely used laxative compound in the world. That means ment.

A free sample bottle can be had by sending your address to Dr. W. B. Cald-well, 480 Washington St., Monticello, Ill.

# Syrup Persin

The Standard for Lubrication

#### On Time

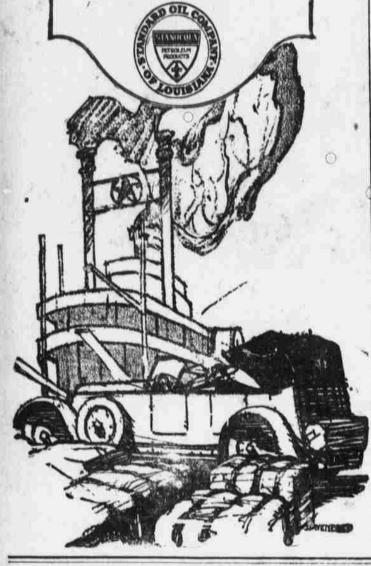
The engine runs with a quiet whirr -has the speed and power of a thoroughbred-gets there on time -when the engine oil is Stan cola Polarine for Motor Lubrication.

Stanocola Polazine maintains a protective cushion of pure lubricant on all bearings and engaging parts. Prevents friction, vibration and "knocks." Holds the power behind the pistons. Burns up clean and goes out with the exhaust.

For your car-for every car-i there is no better oil than Stanocola

Stanocola Polarine correctly lubricates all types of automobile engines. The product of the most modern and bestequipped refinery in the South. For sale by leading dealers, and wherever you see the Stanocola sign,

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# Lift off Corns!

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With your fingers. You can lift off ny hard corn, soft corn, or corn be-ween the toes, and the hard skin cal-ises from bottom of feet. A tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs lite at any drug store apply a few drops son the corn or callus Instantil, it opps hurting, then shortly you lift and bothersome corn or callus right off

### "O. Henry and Al Jennings" Thrilling Story of Two Men Who Had Most Spectacular Careers of

Orime, Served Time and Came Back to Distinguished and Useful Careers

(Copyright by Al Jennings, 1919.)

(Continued From Previous issue.)

(Chapter XIII.

"Take a look at me! Now, de you remember who I am? Well. I haven't forgotten what you did to me in El Reno. I'm going to squiffe the debt."

The man had not taken his eyes from my face. I knew him at once. I hall saved him from the penitentiary when I was country attorney at El Heno. He was charged with embezzlement of Wells-Fargo funds. I was presecutor. The man prohably was guilty, but the evidence was entirely insufficient. The jury was prejudiced. I asked for a dismissal because it was the only square thing to do.

That was one lost of bread on the waters that came back as cake.

"I'm with Wells-Fargo," he whispered. "We have a bunch of dicks on the job. They know Al Jennings is in this hote! The place is surrounded. I'm the only one who knows you by sight. Do the best you can."

I had not said a word My hearr was pounding like a triphammer. If I were felt like pitying myssif it was at that moment. The ignominy of it, that moment is, if elt weak and imp all over. I went back to the alcove.

Girls Aid Flight.

That was one loaf of bread on the waters that came back as cake. "The with Wells-Fargo," he whispered. "We have a bunch of dicks on the job. They know Al Jennings is in this hotel. The place is surrounded. I'm the only one who knowly you by sight. Do the best you can."

I had not said a word. My heart was pounding like a triphammer. If I ever felt like pitying myssif it was at that moment. The ignominy of it—the disgrace before these friends who honored us. I felt weak and limp all over. I went back to the alcove.

Girls Aid Flight.

"What did he want. Al?" Margare asked, her lips white and drawn. Before I could protest she hurried on. "I know you, Al Jennings. I knew it all along. I knew you from the picture Eld has. What are they going to do?"

"Nothing. They won't get a chance." The blunt way seemed the best. I told her that Williams (that was the gain of many brother; that we were wanted for a bank robbery in West Texas; that our only chance was the Gulf of Mexico. She took it quiet and shrewd, without a whimper. We walkzed over to them. I bumped against Frank.

"Look out." I warned. It was an old signal.

He followed us into the alcove.
"We're surrounded."
"Here? Oh, hell"
Gardens that blossomed to the warned of that blossomed to the was importance." First Meeting With Bill Porter

A few hours later, Frank and I and our good friend, the smusgler, were plowing ahead under full steam for South America. I don't know to this day how long the trip lasted. Three Star Hennessey was rousing good company. We were so full of him, we didn't bother to find our bearings until one day the captain discovered his boat was out of water. At about the same time I began to thirst for a new drink.

THE JUDGE Pitted with Schulte of Oxford Eye-Chases. A sketch each week, drawn by Artist Kauffman, shows becoming glasses.



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"We have a lotton nere that is guaracted to uplift the apprit." We re surrounded."
We're surrounded."
"Here' Oh, hell"
Gardens that blossomed to the water's effec ran in terraces about the hotel. We made our plan. Together, the four of us sauntered into a rose harbor, laughing and talking as though our hearts were as light us our tongues. The girls were as game as veterans. They challenged us to a race. One lightning sprint and we were at the beach, the girls lagsting far behind.

Escape in Dory to Steamer.

Somebody's first-class dory helped our escape. It was lying there with the oars set. Muscles of iron sent that little yaw shooting across the water. The gods of chance, \$22,000 and our six shooters were with us. We didn't pause for breath until we chopped against and old tramp beaman steamer. We clambered up the sides like aboriginal monkeys.

The captain was a smuggler of Three Star Hennessey brandy. When he saw two dudes in full dress suits, silk hats and white kid gloves tumbling over his ralling he thought we were drunker than himself. He wabbled up to us, his bloway cheeks puffed out like balloons, his pig yees squinting and his addled voice making a valiant attempt to order us off.

A few hours later, Frank and I and our good friend, the amuggler, were plowing ahead under full steam for South America. I don't know to this day how long the trip lasted Three Star Hennessey was rousing good company. We were so full of him, we gifted his time. The money acted like a stiff cup of coffee.

Water Gives Out.

A few hours later, Frank and I and our good friend, the amuggler, were plowing ahead under full steam for South America. I don't know to this and he can always to have been placed in the consulate called for, the south has looned and an amuggler, were plowing ahead under full steam for South America. I don't know to this and himself. He was of the care of the consulate called for, the south has a first part of distinction that once drawn to first many side was with him as a second on the rickety wooden t

"This is an admirable location for a man who doesn't want much to do," he said.
"What line are you interested in?" I asked. "I haven't given the matter much thought," he said. I entertain the

newcomers."
"You must be a hell of a busy man," I suggested.
"You're the first since my arrival."
He leaned over. "You probably wonder who I am and why I'm here?"
In Honduras every American is a subject of suspicion.
"Oh, God, no," I put in quickly, "In in Salvador." What he couldn't remember he fabricated, but many of the details, with the exception of the ice plant and the \$1,000 bonus from the government, nappened just as he has narrated them.
Porter at Head of Fate

Porter at Head of Fete.

Somehow we got Frank off the boat.
Long after midnight Porter took us
to the consulate, where he made his
heme. He had a little cot in one coraer of the main room. He took the
blankets from it and spread them on
the floor. The three of us stretched
out.

the floor. The three of us stretched out.

About 11 o'clock in the morning the celebration of the Fourth opened. Porter, Frank, two Irishmen who owned an indigo concession, the American consistency, Frank, two Irishmen who owned an indigo concession, the American consistency of the sake of democracy, made up the party. For a fitting observance of Americas triumph Porter insisted that the English consul should join us. We put the matter before his majesty's subject. He agreed that it would be a "Gevil of a fine joke."

There were but four life-size houses in Troillo. Under the shade of the governor's mansion we stood and sang "The Star Spangled Banner." Out of deference to our guest Porter suggested that we render one verse of "God Save the King." The Britisher objected. "Don't make damn nonsense of this occasion," he demorred.

Revolution Halts Feast.

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Revolution Halts Feast.

We started out to shoot up the fown in true Texas style, prepared to wind up the fireworks with a barbecued goat in the lemon grove near the beach. We fiever got to the barbecue. A revolution intervened.

We had shot up two estancas. Glass was shaftered everywhere. The Caribbarkeepers had fied. We were helping ourselves and scrupulously laying the money for every drink on the counter. Suddenly a shot was fired from the outside. Porfer had just finished smashing up a mirror with a bottle. He turned with a quiet that was as indicrous as it was iminitable.

"Gentlemen." he said, "the natives are trying to steal our copyrighted Fourth."

We made a clattering dash for the street, shooting widly into the air. A little man in a flaming red coat came galoping by. About 30 barefoot horpsmen, all in red coats and very little else, tore up a mighty cloud or dust in his wake. They fired off their olifashioned muzzle loaders as if they really meant murder.

As the leader whirled past on his diminutive gray pony Perter caught him off, I sprang into the saddle shooting and yelling like a maniac.

Shouts Like Song of Victory.

Shouts Like Song of Victory.

"Reinforcements, reinforcements!"
[Like a song of victory the shout thunleved from the renr. I don't know
where or how I rode.

But the next day the governor and
we of his little tan Cariba called at
the consultate. He wished to thank the
my country nobody take a man's name
or his past. You're all right."

"Thanks, colonel," he drew in his
apper lip in a manner that was characcuristic. "You might call me Bill. I
think I would like that." Talk Over Use of Stolen Funds

Talk Over Use of Stolen Funds

Several hours we sat there, an exhighwayman in a tattered dress sult and a furfile on spotless white ducke together planning a suite Ni investment for my state form, a campaign for my state funds. Perfect suggested a encount plantition, a campaign for the presidency, an indige concession.

There was shat thirty as facetrating in the odd surprise lirking in his remarks, I found mysts waiting for his conclusions. I forgot that the Helena had but stopped for water and might even now be well cleared of the snores of Honduras.

The mate beckened to me, I nearly knocked the table over in my maste.

"Just a mement." Portrie unruffled undertone held me as though be had but a restraining hand on my arm.

"You are an American. Have you considered the celebration of the glorious Fourth."

"Fourth, what?"

Fourth, what?"
The Fourth of July, colonel, which Are yours paid?

# The Cause of High Living

1—Extravagance 2-Waste 3—Laziness

(An Advertorial by J. M. Fly)

While so many are disturbed over the present "high cost of living," why not go a bit further and consider the "cost of high living"-its causes and effects.

A local newspaper man declares editorially that "one-third of the people of his town are living beyond their income." Think of it!

Theoretically, at least, prices are supposed to be governed by the law of "supply and demand," and if those who are extravagant and wasteful persist in recklessly buying without regard to costs, it not only sets a bad "example," but sends prices still higher, to the detriment of those who are striving to live right.

There are perhaps "some profiteers"—some well-organized porfiteers operating on a big scale, which nothing short of sharp government regulation can stop. But all profiteering is not confined to foods by any means, for the high cost of raiment and shelter has helped to boost the cost of food.

We may have a general resumption of the food administration, but that only means "more cost" in the way of taxes already too high, and which at best will remain as high as at present for the next ten years, if they are ever lowered!

The government may sell certain army supplies through schools and postoffices, and, lastly, through department stores operating without experience in food distribution, and "for reasons" too obvious to mention, but the effort at best will only be a "drop in the bucket."

You can tackle the problem from any side, but in the last analysis the fact that less than sixteen per cent of the American people are said to be "moneysavers" tells its own story about the "high cost of living."

Extravagance and waste are the product of laziness, for laziness begets indifference, and indifference begets extravagance-and "laziness" is an ugly word when applied where the "shoe fits."

Do you know that some people object to being seen in the "act of practicing" sensible economy?

Do you know that there are still many people who will order a quarter's worth of groceries delivered "free" and run a charge account, knowing the cost must be paid by them and others?

There is a difference between real thrift and imaginary economy, as, for example, it is not economy to waste valuable time and expensive "shoe leather," not to mention "gas and tires," in a useless hunt to save a few pennies.

The Bowers Stores for seventeen years have been "preaching thrift" and offering a ready and convenient means of practicing thrift, and yet there are people who are still indifferent to the many money-saving advantages they offer.

The time has come for the consumer to "individually" help reduce the cost of living by applying a good, old-fashioned, home-made remedy; in short, to stop being extravagant and to become thrifty.

falls at one minute past 12 tonight. Let ds have some festivity on the occas-

is have some festivity on the occasion."

Every one who knows O. Henry knows how three loyal prodigals celebrated the nation's birth. He has made it memorable in his story, "The Fourth American patriots for their magnificent aid they had given in quelling the revolution. They had saved the republic With a lordly air he offered us the coconut plantations that grew wild all over the country. The incredible daring of the American riders had saved the nation!

We didn't even know there had been a gevolution. And we didn't know whose side we had taken. Forter rose to the occasion.

whose side we had taken. Porter rose to the occasion.

"We appreciate the government's attitude," he answered, with a touch of patronage in his tone. "So often patricts are forgotten."

It seems that in that moment hen we rushed wildly to the door of the cantina we changed the tide of battle. The government troops were chasing rebels and the rebels were winning. We had rallied the loyal army and led it to victory. It was a bloodless battle.

Turn on Outsiders.

Our triumph was short-lived. The government and the rebel leaders patched up their differences. The rebel general demanded amends for the insult to his troops. He demanded the lives of the outsiders who had impudently ended a revolution before it had decently begun.

The American consul advised a hasty departure.

The American consul advised a hasty departure.

"Is there no protection in this realm for an American citizen?" I asked.

"Yes." Forter declared. "The state department will refer our case to Mark Hanna. He will investigate our party affiliations. It will then be referred to the bureau of immigration, and by that time we will all be shot."

Filight was our only recourse. We started toward the beach. As we ran as little Carib girl about 15 came scooting out from a hedge and hurled herself against me. She was crying and talking and clutching my arm. I couldn't understand a word she was saying. Forter tried a little Spanish.

"The little girl is in great distress," he said. 'She is saying something enlicity beyond my comprehension of the Spanish language. I gather that she wants to be one of our party."

Burly Fellow Grabs Girl.

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when a burly fellow much bigger than the natives, nroke through the hedge and grabbed the tiny creature by the hair. It interrupted our conversation. I landed him a smash on the head with the butt end of my forty-five.

Just then a signal rang out. It was the call to arms. The army was after us

the call to arms. The army was after us. Porter. Frank and I, with the little maid at our heels, made for the beach. Porter atopped a moment to ask the little Carib, in the gravest lengthsh, her parden for his haste. He had a most pardent for his haste. He had a most pardent engagement, he said, some 1000 riles away. She was not sattsfied and stood shricking on the beach while we rowed to the Helena.

It bothered Porter, Years afterward, when we were together in New York, he recalled the incident.

"Remember that little strip of brown muslin that fluttered down the street after us in Trollilo? I wonder what she was saying."

muslin that fluttered down the street after us in Trollilo? I wonder what she was saying.

He didn't like "unfinished stories."

Bill, the new-tound friend, had thrown in his lot with us, he didn't know where we were going or who we were.

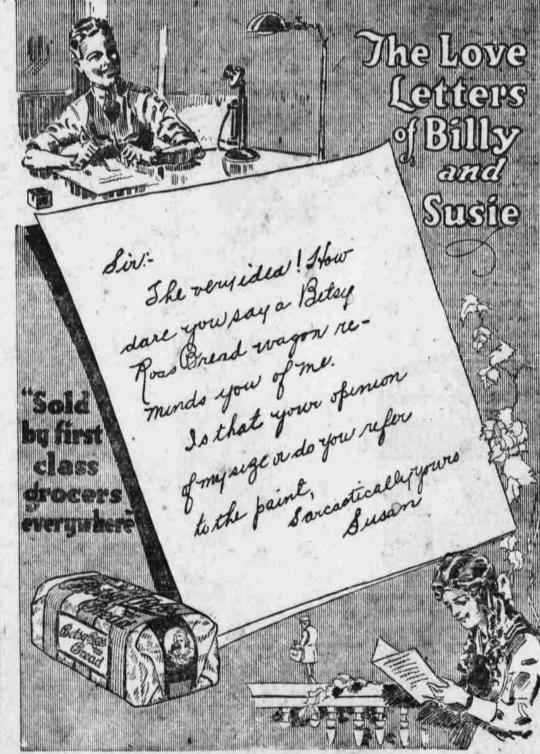
"What is your destination?" he asked quietly as the Helena steamed us.

"I helt America to avoid my destination," I told him.

"How far can you go?"

"As far as \$30,000 with take us."

It took us farther than we reckoned. (To Ba Continued.)



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